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They huddle up and coach feeds them the usual spiel about teamwork and fair games. He keeps an eye on Billy while he's saying this, but it's not needed today. If he only knew. Billy has another agenda on the court today, and it doesn't involve something as insubstantial as winning some *game*.

Draw A Charge

Author's Note:

> Billy and Max POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).

Mondays suck.

Mondays mean getting up early, and remembering you forgot to do that essay or prepare for that test just on the way to class. The food in the cafeteria is usually meatloaf or something mushy, never pizza. On Mondays, the teachers are meaner because their weekend just ended, too. And coach always makes you run five extra laps for warm-up because “someone needs to remind you lazy shits that life isn’t a flipping pony ride.”

At least there’s one thing to look forward to, to counter all the getting up early, the nasty teachers and the mush. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Steve has basketball practice. And basketball practice means seeing Billy.

All day long Steve has been careful, kept his head down. Hasn’t waited in the parking lot to see Billy drop Max off and lazily drift off to his first class, hasn’t looked at him during English Lit, hasn’t tried to catch Billy’s eye even once in the halls. Okay, admittedly, when Billy leaned over the water fountain after third period, Steve’s eyes may have lingered on the curve of his ass longer than strictly necessary. But, well, he’s only human.

So in short, Steve is really looking forward to a full hour of *not* doing that, at all. An hour in which no one can fault him for keeping his eyes on Billy all the time, because if he doesn’t, he’s gonna end up flat on his back. Everyone knows that. Hey, with showers and getting dressed afterwards, maybe he’ll even manage to stretch it to a good 80 minutes. Though looking at Billy in the showers is probably not a very smart thing to do. Okay, no. Steve won’t do that.

“Geez, Harrington, what happened to your face?” asks Coach Fillmer.

Steve mumbles, “Lawn-mower accident,” and ducks into the changing room.

--

Billy changes quicker than usual, knowing Steve will want to stare and not wanting to be tempted himself. But Steve is in and stripping before Billy can get out the door and, well, then it’s just a matter of limiting the time he spends peering past Tommy’s shoulder, who he definitely doesn’t maneuver into standing just barely in his line of sight, so he has a cover.

But the bruise fucks it all up. The yellowing, spreading bruise on Steve’s soft, pale side from where Billy knocked the breath out of him with his fist. Billy stares too long, can’t take his eyes off of it, and Tommy finally gets bored of talking to someone who’s preoccupied and glances over his shoulder too.

“Daamn,” he laughs spitefully, “looks like Harrington got in somebody’s way again, stupid fucker.” He glances back at Billy with glee. “That your work? Or the Byers creep’s?”

Billy has to work hard not to let his hackles rise. Not to push Tommy into his locker and lock him inside. Instead he flicks his gaze back over Tommy’s shoulder at Steve and meets his eye for half a second before looking away.

“You like their handiwork so much, why don’t you ask whoever did it to give you a repeat performance, Tommy?” he threatens through a tense, wide smile.

Tommy frowns a little, clearly catching the undertones of the threat but not sure what they mean.

“So are you saying you did it, man? ‘Cause if so it’s not your best work, I mean--”

“Nah, I was too busy seeing to your mom last night, Hayward,” Billy says with a wink. “I mean it’s hard work, but somebody’s gotta do it so you don’t have to.” He closes his locker and licks his lip as he all but passes Tommy for the door. “*She* didn’t seem to mind my

handywork," he intones as he leaves.

He can feel Tommy caught between anger and astonishment behind him, but doesn't stick around to watch him figure it out.

--

Steve quickly pulls his shirt over his head to hide his smile. It only took a split-second of Billy looking at him to drastically improve his mood, but this, the savage way Billy has cut Tommy to pieces with a wink and a lewd joke -- it feels like Billy did it just for him. A gift better than a bunch of roses or a ton of chocolate or a blowjob. Well, maybe not quite as good as Billy's blowjobs. Few things in life are.

He struggles with the laces on his shoes and half-hops on one leg into the gym, suddenly the latest of them all.

"Alright boys, fifteen laps, get the lead out of your pants, move it! Harrington, since you took all that time primping, get down and give me twenty. Let's see if your balls have dropped yet."

Ugh. Steve takes it back. Mondays are the fucking worst.

--

By the time coach blows his whistle and lets them slow to a stop, they're all sweating buckets, huffing and puffing. Billy's kept in shape pretty well since moving to the middle of fucking nowhere, but right now he's feeling every one of the cigarettes he's chain smoked in the past couple months. They huddle up and coach feeds them the usual spiel about teamwork and fair games. He keeps an eye on Billy while he's saying this, but it's not needed today. If he only knew. Billy has another agenda on the court today, and it doesn't involve something as insubstantial as winning some *game*.

At the tip-off, Billy steps on back and lets the other team steal the ball, pretends to be distracted when it comes his way, and yells at Tommy for predictably missing on an attempt to intercept it. Somebody passes the ball at Steve, and Billy presses in against him, pretending to block him while really leaving him wide open for the most important shot.

“Come on,” he urges with a mischievous smile. “Take it.”

--

“What-?” Steve starts, but his teammates are yelling at him to take the shot so he does, and it’s nothing but net. By the time he turns around, Billy is already gone up the court again, so Steve shrugs it off.

But by the time their practice game is half over and his team is way, way in the lead, Steve has started to suspect that Billy is up to something. It seems like he can’t pass a ball without fumbling it, can’t dribble down the court without traveling, and can’t take a shot even a five-year-old would have made.

“Stop it,” Steve hisses at Billy when Billy is blocking him once more. “You’re being an ass!”

--

Billy flashes him a winning smile and sways his hips a little.

“I thought we talked about this, Harrington,” he purrs. “I can’t *not* be an ass, it’s who I am.” He moves into position to actually block Steve’s good shot and moves closer slightly. “But if you want me to play harder, baby, you just have to say so.” He winks and steals the ball from Steve in one smooth move. “All I ask is that you fight me for it.”

“Cut the chatter!” Coach Fillmer hollers from the sidelines. “Harrington! Hargrove! Make a move or you’re out of the game!”

Billy pivots from Steve and makes an unobstructed shot from the three point line.

His teammates whoop as it makes it in, and Billy glances at Steve with a smile that goes for gloating and sweet simultaneously.

--

Steve scowls back at him, but it’s not for the good shot, like his teammates may think. Billy is good at this, it’s nothing new. But now

Steve has an inkling of what Billy is doing, and it *pisses him off*. Winning against Billy is hard enough any day, he doesn't want Billy to just hand it to him, like he *needs* it. Like he's *that* shit without Billy to help him.

So Steve fights for it, and hell, that makes it even worse when he scores against Billy, because now he can't even be sure if he did it on his own, or if Billy is just getting better at hiding the fact that he is throwing the game, for Steve.

"You could *try* not being an asshole for once," he hisses at Billy the next chance he gets, and for a moment is struck how nobody would even think it odd if they overheard. "I know that's hard for you and all…" He gets too far into Billy's space then, but the day coach starts handing out personal fouls will be the day he starts braiding all their hair.

--

"Mmm did someone say 'hard for me?'" Billy taunts, dribbling the ball with his ass out, glancing quickly between Steve's legs so that only he would notice and licking his lips. "D'you promise?" he purrs, and makes another shot. The Skins climb their way back up, closer to the Shirts' 30 points, and now the whole team is playing better at the thought of possible victory.

--

"You're a dick," Steve huffs, but he can't help a smile and his cheeks flush a bit. Good thing they are all breathless and sweaty. No one's going to know if he's just a little more sweaty and breathless than the rest of them.

He stops giving a shit if Billy is messing with him then, just playing together is good, and Steve can get some of his own back, some of the time. Once, Billy sticks out his tongue at him, the way he does, only now Steve knows what that tongue can *do*. He may fumble the shot after that, but can't bring himself to care, much.

--

“Eyes on the target, Harrington,” Billy calls from halfway across the court as the ball falls into his team’s hands. “You’re staying with the ball too long, it’s killing your aim!”

“Hey whose team are you on, man?” Tommy bitches as the ball changes hands again.

“It’s just good advice, Hayward,” Billy smirks back. “I’d address it to you if I thought it’d make any difference.”

--

Steve preens at that. Billy knocking down Tommy a peg may be his new favorite thing in all the world right now. That and Billy’s tongue.

And his advice is pretty damn good most of the time. Following it usually makes Steve play just a little better. *If only he wasn’t such a smug bastard, Billy might actually make a pretty decent coach,* Steve muses as time runs out and the whistle is blown, while gulping down some water. *That, and the thing Billy has for being shirtless. That’s just too fucking distracting for anyone to pay attention to what he says.*

--

Billy bickers with Tommy all the way to the showers, though Tommy sucks at bickering back and mostly seems lost about whether he’s actually mad at Billy or not. But under the hot stream, running his hands through wet hair, Billy closes his eyes and says:

“So I got a hot date lined up for this weekend, finally.”

“Finally?” Tommy scoffs jealously, glancing over. “Didn’t you take Vicky out like a month ago?”

Billy feels like he can *feel* Steve’s eyes on him. Wonders if he’s gonna have to address that later. But presses on.

“Exactly. That’s fucking ages,” he says. “But I didn’t take her *out* so much as we fucked in my car and I had to clean it afterwards. I wanna take this broad *out* somewhere. Show her a good time before I show her a good time, if you get my meaning. Any ideas, big guy?”

Tommy laughs.

“Well there’s the movie theater on Hill Street. An old standard for Hawkins makeouts. Or the arcade. Stand up behind her, show her how to play Galaga with your arms all around her?” He demonstrates with a leer that makes it sound like he’s suggesting something a lot darker than what he’s suggesting.

“What about the drive-in?” a red-head from the Shirts team speaks up from one shower head over.

Billy glances at Tommy for confirmation.

“Yeah, I mean that’s alright too,” Tommy shrugs. “A bit of a dump though. I know Carol hasn’t wanted to go there since about the 9th grade. What you really want is a good parking lot out in the middle of nowhere, where you can--”

“Jesus, Tommy, nobody wants to hear how you touch your kindergarten girlfriend, alright?” Billy shuts him up before he can go on one of his hyper-detailed sexcapades. The rest of the shower occupants alternately snigger and sigh with relief. There’s shooting the breeze about girls you’ve fucked, and then there’s what Tommy does. Nobody wants to hear the latter.

“Christ, Billy, you’re such an asshole,” Tommy finally bites back.

“Don’t you forget it,” Billy replies with a glance in Steve’s direction as he turns off his shower and heads out.

--

Okay, so maybe Steve has been listening a little bit to Tommy and Billy. Not a lot though. He’s chosen a shower not even close to Billy’s. And for good measure he’s taken the shower nozzle that put his back to Billy. He’s doing his fucking best to keep it cool and keep his distance and someone should give him a damned medal for it soon, because it’s a hell of a lot of effort.

But then he overhears snatches of Billy’s conversation, and his heart sinks. Just playing it cool isn’t enough for Billy, it seems. Now he’s actually thinking of going on a date? Steve goes through the

possibilities in his mind, but can't settle on any one girl. He tries to ignore the hollow feeling in his stomach when imagining Billy taking a girl to the movies. Would he do that just to show the world he and Steve aren't a thing?

For the first time ever he wonders what it was like when Billy did that stuff, before. He knows Billy's been taking girls out here in Hawkins. But Billy said, back in his bed… Steve swallows uncomfortably, stares down at the shower floor. Billy said he was gay. Had known it since he was 13. Hadn't actually liked girls, at all. What the fuck has he been doing then? Just faking it, all this time?

Steve is starting to feel a little sick when Billy leaves the showers. He can't even take any pleasure in Tommy H's bad mood. Just dries off and fumbles into his clothes, and wants to go home. A nap seems like the only fucking good thing left to expect this Monday.

--

Billy rushes home after school lets out for the day, relieved to find Max waiting for him at the car before he even gets there for once, and immediately looks up the number of the drive-in in the Hawkins Yellow Pages. He calls and finds out what's playing and when. He starts dialing the number for the Harringtons - which he also looks up - but then he pauses and hangs up.

Is it too early? Steve might not be home yet. He might be busy. He might be doing homework… But no. Neil could be home any time now - his schedule never seems to stay the same way long - and once he's home Billy doesn't think he'll have the guts to see this through. So he dials the number again, this time in full, and sits back against the foot of his bed, biting his lip as it rings.

--

Steve is just crossing the hall over to the living room when the phone rings, and for a moment he is very tempted to just let it ring. The couch is looking so inviting. He wants to close his eyes for a bit, not think of things. But whoever is on the other line is damned persistent. He sighs, and picks up.

“Hello,” he mumbles. “Harrington residence.” Probably one of his mom’s tennis partners.

--

“Hey, beautiful,” Billy intones softly. Because it sounds like Steve might need it, and because dammit, he is.

--

Oh. Steve feels instantly more awake. He takes the phone, hugs the cradle to his chest while he drags the cord towards a nearby loveseat. “Hey,” he says, feeling a bit breathless, because, Billy thinks he’s *beautiful*. He wouldn’t say it if he didn’t.

--

Billy smiles at the sound of Steve’s breathless voice and leans back against his bed.

“How are you?” he asks, even though they were *just* together at school, because they didn’t talk at all about anything important, and before that they hadn’t talked for the whole weekend. And if Steve was sad just now, Billy wants to make it better. *Fuck, I am already too fucking far gone,* he realizes painfully, but that doesn’t change how he feels.

--

“Fine,” Steve says, feeling miserable. He doesn’t want to think about Billy’s conversation with Tommy H earlier, but he can’t help it. He wishes Billy was with him now, instead of on a phone, miles away. Doesn’t even know if Billy wishes the same. It *feels* like he does, but the things he ends up doing always seem to mean the opposite. Like punching him in the face. Or that date thing? The last weekend had been lousy already, just lying around bored and sore. If next weekend he has nothing to do other than think of Billy taking a girl out somewhere…

--

Billy thinks he should probably feel relieved Steve doesn’t want to

talk about his feelings. Especially on the phone. He couldn't reciprocate, and he's shitty with comforting anyway. But none of that makes hearing Steve's lie feel better. Instead he has to just push past it and smile anyway.

"Well I think I found a way to make you feel better," he says. "Have you seen Nightmare on Elm Street yet?"

Steve was there in the showers when he asked Tommy. Has to have heard the conversation. But still, Billy wants to lead into this like it's a surprise. He has to keep some of the dramatic flair intact, even if the mystery - the does he or doesn't he want me - is all gone now.

--

"Nope," Steve says, and he closes his eyes. If Billy is going to tell him that he's going there on a date with someone, he doesn't want to hear it. What's the point of telling him that, especially the movie itself? So he can imagine Billy and the girl better? Think of the way she might cling to Billy during the scary bits? Or would they ignore the movie and go straight to the making-out? He doesn't want to know.

--

"Do you wanna half-watch it from the backseat of my car this weekend?" Billy asks, and of course he's not *nervous*. What the hell would he be nervous for? Steve's already said yes to *fucking* him on several occasions. Including *after* he beat him bloody a second time. Billy grimaces at the thought.

--

At first Steve thinks that Billy is asking if he wants to cut in on the date. Like, have him be the third wheel? Billy and the girl in the front, while Steve is in the back. *What kind of a stupid idea is that?* But Billy isn't stupid, and that feels just wrong. Billy wouldn't take him along on a date, what, would they drop off the girl after the movie and then go fuck around in the woods? Hell no.

But maybe that's not what Billy meant at all. Maybe he means that Steve *is* the date.

The thought makes him smile, and hug his knees. He's still a little confused, though. Better to make sure. "You mean, you want to take me out to the movies? Me?"

--

Billy can't help but laugh a little at that.

"Yeah, I do," he says. "I mean, it's risky, but if we're careful… in the low light… who would know who we are?" He pauses for a second, because Steve hasn't actually said yes yet. "Is that too gay?" He grimaces. Shakes his head. "I just-- I figured it'd be be more meaningful or some shit, than, y'know, a parking lot somewhere…" He feels a flush rise in his cheeks. This is fucking stupid.

--

Steve pauses, thinks about how wrong he was. But was he really?

"So that stuff in the showers, about dating a girl," he asks, unsure how to get across the point that he was really worried Billy might do that, without sounding like a complete idiot. "That was, what, just for kicks?"

--

Billy realizes with a jolt how that probably sounded to Steve and feels guilty. He'd assumed Steve was in on the joke. That he'd understand what he was doing and find it similarly funny that Tommy was helping him plan their date. But now…

"It was a cover, baby. What, was I supposed to tell him who I was really taking out? Shit. You didn't think I was planning to take some girl out right in front of you, did you?"

--

Steve shrugs, though it takes him a bit to realize Billy can't see him. When Billy puts it like that, it does sound stupid.

"No," he protests, then thinks better of it. "Maybe. I mean, we agreed to keep everything on the down-low, I know that."

It's a bit pathetic, but he really wants to hear Billy say that he isn't going to even think of girls, let alone go out with them. Or fuck them in the back of his car, like Vicky Marsden.

--

Billy shakes his head like Steve can see him.

"I don't date girls, man," he says. "I fuck them sometimes, sure, but I don't pull that shit unless I need to. And, I mean," he chews his bottom lip a little coyly. Steve didn't ask him to say this. It's too soon to say this. But it feels like it's coming anyway so he just says: "it's not like there's really other guys in the neighborhood anyway, so y'know… there's no competition for you really. If you're worried about that."

He pauses and listens to the echo of what he just said and feels foolish immediately so he adds: "But that doesn't mean you can't, I mean, just 'cause *I* only go for half the population doesn't mean you have to… I mean, it's not like we have to be *exclusive*…"

--

Steve curls in on himself on the loveseat, grinning like a fool. He can't help it. He also can't think of anything to say to that, how do you follow something like that without ruining it?

It's only knowing that Billy must be waiting on the other line that makes him clear his throat and *try*.

"Exclusive sounds good. Let's do that. Yeah."

God. Someone please come and shoot him.

--

"No, really, you don't have to-- I don't care, Harrington, I just-- Wait. You *want* to?"

Billy has to take a breath. A long one. His head hurts a little.

"You…" he laughs at himself a little. Obviously he's taking this too

far. This isn't what Harrington wants or means. "You want to date… *me?*"

--

"Eh," Steve's cheeks are starting to feel hot. Does Billy have to sound that surprised? "What the hell did you think? I want to *fuck* you all night, but no way I'd *date* you? What kind of bullshit is that?"

--

Billy huffs another self-conscious laugh and shrugs.

"I'm just saying. I'm not exactly dating material," he points out. "You wouldn't want to take me home and meet your mother. -- I did, by the way, I met your mom while you were asleep and she seems like a real bitch-- But the point is, you shouldn't want to date me. I'm not… I'm just not good at that shit."

--

"Hey now," Steve protests, because, fuck, that's his *mom*. She may not be perfect, but everyone's parents suck in some way, don't they? "Don't talk shit about my mother. She'd probably just be nice to you if I took you home."

He isn't going to mention Billy's dad, that would be a cheap shot. So he just murmurs, "And I've never dated a guy, so I'll probably be worse at it than you are."

--

Billy smiles a little at that. Doesn't talk for a moment because all of this is just too surreal. When did his life make such a dizzying turn that he's having *this* conversation with Steve right now?

"I'm sure you'll be a great boyfriend," he mutters into the phone, suddenly remembering Max could be listening on the other line for all he knows and getting plenty of blackmail material. He makes a mental note to check in on her after this. "And I'm sorry about your mom, pretty boy, I just mean she seems tough to live with. She was plenty nice when we talked."

--

“Yeah, well.” Steve shrugs. “She has the decency to go with my dad whenever he has a conference out of town, and she doesn’t mind if I stay home alone. So maybe you should be kinda grateful to her. You know. Considering.”

Considering they would have the whole house all to themselves. Pool. Kitchen. Couch. The lot.

--

“Mm you’re right,” Billy agrees with an easy smile as heat pools in his groin at the thought. “Remind me to send her some flowers for that,” he half jokes. “Does she like roses? What color do you get for someone who unknowingly helps you to get laid?”

--

“Get carnations instead, or she’ll think my dad is up to something,” Steve replies distractedly, still thinking of the pool. The kitchen. The couch. And all the rest. He’s starting to grin again.

“But, yeah. About that movie, and the backseat of your car…” He thinks of the Camaro, and the last time he was in that cramped backseat. Wonders if Billy even knows about that. Doubts Max told him. “I’d like that. If you hadn’t got that yet.”

--

Billy chuckles into the phone and closes his eyes.

“Yeah, I think I kinda got that,” he murmurs affectionately.

“Billy?” Billy jumps up, wide-eyed suddenly, as the bedroom door pushes open. Almost slams the phone down in its cradle on instinct, but doesn’t when he sees that it’s only Max.

-

Max frowns at the sight of her stepbrother sitting on the floor with the phone in his lap, looking for all the world like he just got caught

talking to a girl. She rolls her eyes.

“I’m going to the Wheelers’s,” she says. She’d planned to ask, but figures now that she’s caught him doing whatever it is that he clearly feels guilty doing, she’s in the clear to make demands. “I’ll be back before Neil gets home. If I’m not, just tell him you took me.”

-

“I know how to lie to my own dad, Maxine,” Billy scoffs.

Max shrugs: *Yeah. So do that.* And turns for the door.

“Hey!” Billy calls her back indignantly. Max returns with a put-out glare.

Billy doesn’t know what to say. He does want her to go - if she goes he’ll be alone in the house and can finish this phone call in peace - but just letting her boss him around like this doesn’t sit right so he has to say *something*.

“Be less of a bitch next time.” There. Good, brotherly advice. Which she naturally takes as well as any of his advice. The middle finger. Classy.

The back door slams and Billy is left alone on the floor.

--

Steve hears Billy put the phone back to his ear, and laughs.

“Man, you two have such a nice bond. It’s really touching.”

--

Billy holds the phone in the crook of his shoulder and reaches for his pack of cigarettes with an ironic laugh.

“Yeah,” he agrees, flipping a Marlboro Red up between his lips. “We’re a big happy family,” he mumbles through it as he flicks his lighter open. He takes a drag and stuffs the lighter back into the pack. “Shit, I miss being an only child,” he sighs through the smoke.

--

Steve thinks of Dustin, of all the other little jerks. Jonathan and Will. Nancy and Mike. Feels the mostly empty house around him. He shrugs. “I think it sucks.”

But he doesn’t want to dwell on that now. Not when they were just talking about the Camaro and how Steve is gonna be the best boyfriend ever. Not just a pretty damn good babysitter.

“Anyway, so about that hot date you apparently have lined up for the weekend…” He has to grin, remembering the showers.

--

Billy smiles around his cigarette, looking like a goddamn fool, and carefully stretches his phone the length of its tether, reaching for his vanity.

“Mhm,” he hums, carefully grabbing the ashtray and bringing it over onto the bed. “What about him?” he asks proudly, flicking the ash and cherishing the ability to say a simple word like “him” out loud.

--

“I was just gonna ask who picks up who in a scenario like that,” Steve smiles.

“But yeah, tell me more about *him*. Is his hair dreamy or what? Does he put out on the first date?”

--

“Well I was thinking whoever asks does the honors,” Billy suggests. “Unless you’ve got a hard-on for those kinds of things. I can be flexible.” He *winks* for some incalculable reason. God, he must look insufferable. He doesn’t care as much about that as he should. “Oh and my date has fucking *unbelievable* hair. You’ve no idea. And he’s so damn eager, too. I can’t wait to pop his cherry.”

--

Steve almost asks what kind of jacket Billy is planning on wearing, but no. They made plans for his bed, they'll stick to those plans. He's not budging from the *all night long* part.

"He sounds like a catch," he says loftily. "Better make sure you treat him right, wine and dine him... I heard he likes junior mints at the movies."

--

"He is," Billy brags through a cloud of smoke. "And I'm gonna buy him all the junior mints he wants to prove it," he promises. "How does he feel about Jack & Coke? I might try to bring a flask in."

--

Flask. Ha. Steve's eyes are lingering on the living room mini bar, and his thoughts drift to the proper bar counter in the den, and to the party fridge by the pool. It's only a matter of deciding which of the fancy bottles to swipe. So far, his parents have never missed even a single one of them.

"Forget about the flask, I'll bring something. We can get cokes there."

--

Billy smirks around his cigarette and breathes in deep.

"Mm you bringing me bourbon, baby?" he says. "That's almost fuckin' romantic. That's like a bouquet of fuckin roses."

--

"I *am* fucking romantic," Steve agrees with great satisfaction. "I'll get you those roses when I take *you* out, but this weekend I want to see Billy Hargrove pull out all the stops."

He leans back in his seat, lets his legs dangle over the side. "So when are you picking me up?"

--

“Fuck, you already threatening to upstage me, Harrington?” Billy grumbles through an unfamiliar excitement at the prospect of being so thoroughly someone’s *date*. “Friday night. I’ll pick you up at 8. My old man will be home, so he won’t expect me to watch Max.”

--

Steve nods. Considers. “You know there’s another drive-in near Bomont… It’s a bit farther off, but if you don’t mind going out of our way for a bit…” He shrugs. “No one’s gonna know us there. Not even your car.” There, he’s being a great boyfriend already. Looking out for them and everything.

--

Billy smiles wide. Taps his cigarette into the ashtray with a flick.

“I like the sound of that,” he says. “Mmm we don’t even have to hide you in the back seat when we’re driving in. Hell, we can walk in and buy those junior mints together. Bomont’s a drive though. Maybe we should make it 7 o’ clock. What d’you think?”

--

Hide him in the back seat? Steve is almost offended for a moment. Then he wonders if Billy started out like him once, not even thinking to hide, and something bad happened. And he feels like an asshole.

“Seven sounds great,” he says, wishing he was with Billy now. Maybe just to touch him. Or even just hold his hand.

--

“Wear something I can strip you out of slow,” Billy says suggestively. “It’s gonna be a long week without being able to touch you how I want to.”

--

Wear what now? Steve was thinking to wear jeans and a sweatshirt and probably a jacket of some kind, like, *normal clothes*? He almost asks what the hell Billy wants him to wear, a kimono? But Billy’s

voice is distracting him, it's doing that sexy thing where it dips into that smooth, low tone.

"You're not playing fair," he complains. "I'm in the fucking living room…" And he's agreed to be careful, or no force in the world would keep him from driving over to Billy's house now. Dammit.

--

Billy smiles wide and licks his lips. He hadn't meant to turn fully in this direction, but half of him wants to now, just for the image of Steve trying to will down a chub on that massive couch of his.

"Mm," he hums thoughtfully. "Fucking living room…"

--

"Stop it. No. Bad Billy." Steve wishes more than ever he had picked up the fucking handheld phone in the kitchen. He palms himself through his jeans.

"I guess you're all alone then?"

--

"Mhm," Billy confirms, laying back on his bed and considering the button of his jeans and his open bedroom door. "All alone and thinking about how good your fingers were inside me that night. Thinking about your lips… Your fucking cock…" He groans a little louder than he needs to, to sell the point.

--

Just the memory of that night makes Steve's jeans uncomfortably tight. He smiles unseen, glad to be thinking of what they did in Billy's bed. Glad that Billy doesn't just remember how that ended, after all.

"I'm gonna hang up on you, shithead," he hums, but he might as well stop protesting so much. That hard-on isn't going anywhere on its own. He might open the buttons on his pants a bit. Just to relieve the pressure.

--

“Mm if you do what’ll stop me from jerking off all over my chest?” Billy asks, popping open the buttons of his shirt before he does his pants and trailing a finger over his nipples, already peaked and hard. “If you hang up on me I’ll have *two* hands free,” he intones in a kind of threatening promise.

--

“You’re a dick, anyone ever tell you that?” Steve says affectionately, and okay, he’s lost this particular game of chicken. Imagining Billy on his bed, jerking off, with both hands (what would he even use the second hand for?) isn’t helping his own predicament any. He *has* to give his cock a squeeze, or he might die.

“I hope you’re happy, jackass.” He leans back in his seat and closes his eyes. Hopes that Billy will talk some more.

--

“Are you hard, baby?” Billy taunts, leaning his free hand back behind his head and smirking down at his own growing erection.

“Are you thinking about what I would do with you if I was there? Mm I’d swallow your cock so far, so deep, and keep you there ‘til I choked. I’d fuck you so hard with my mouth, baby.”

--

“I am *now*,” Steve grumbles, and okay, fine. There’s no graceful retreat for him here, might as well go all in. He reaches into his pants, squeezes his cock, wishes he could just take off the confining briefs now, *Jesus*. This is hell.

“Stevie?”

“Mom!” Steve yelps, yanking his hand free. Thank god she has her nose in a magazine as she walks in, fucking hell! He quickly takes the telephone and positions it strategically on his open fly. “I didn’t, I didn’t hear you come back.”

“I was talking with Chrissie Gardner the other day about skiing for Easter, would you like that, honey?” She isn’t even looking at him, but Steve can feel his cheeks flush bright red.

“Mom, I’m actually on the phone right now,” he whines, and swears he can hear Billy chuckle through the line.

“It might be nice to see the Gardners again, but I don’t know how I feel about even more snow in April,” she says plaintively, and sits down next to him on the couch.

“I’m gonna have to call you back,” Steve mutters into the receiver and hangs up.

His mother looks up at the sound of him banging the phone on the cradle. “I think your boots from last year should still be fine, but maybe we should look at some new ones just in case,” she smiles at him. Actually reaches in to ruffle his hair. He’s told her a thousand times he hates that.

“Sure, mom,” Steve manages a pained little smile. “I’ve got homework.”

He extricates himself from the cushion and beats a hasty retreat, holding the telephone in front of him.

Fuck. He doesn’t even know Billy’s number.

--

Billy clicks the phone down in its cradle and falls back on the bed.

“Oh my god, fucking *skiing*?” he laughs.

Finally he calms down enough to palm his cock a little through his jeans and glance at the phone again. Steve said he’d call back, but as far as Billy knows he doesn’t have the Hargroves’ number lying around. God knows how long that woman is going to talk his ear off about Easter, though. It’s best if Billy doesn’t try to call back either.

Billy gets up and puts the phone back on the shelf by the door and glances at the bathroom door. Jacking off in the shower sounds about

as good as it can get now.

Author's Note:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo's tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)